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THE CALL OF 1918 TO GIVE

We may believe that we gave all we could during the year 1917, but we shall be called upon to give far more during the year 1918.

The call of the times that seems to come so continuously, "give," sometimes causes those who have already generously given, far beyond what before seemed their possible limit, to hesitate and wonder if the demand of the suffering and the dying is never to stop. Reason sometimes hesitates at all this incredible waste and suffering, apparently so needlessly and so continually brought about. Then we remember Emerson's inspired lines:

"Though love repine and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply,
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."

What less can those of us do, those of us who are not called upon to give our lives, than give our money for those who are literally giving their all?

We have to stop and orientate, as the map makers say, ourselves, get the right perspective on our own possible small service for humanity in this crisis or we shall make the mistake of saying that we have done all that we can, when we have done what in comparison is nothing.

But there is the other side of giving. It benefits those who give as well as those who take. Someone has put it expressively thus.

"When we help our brother row his boat across the stream we ourselves get across at the same time."

When we help others we are helping ourselves in more ways than we know. An old-time philosopher said:

"I have no possessions so real as those I have given to others."
It takes time and the deeper experience of life to make such apparently idealistic statements seem real. Indifference to the world's welfare arises from immaturity or selfishness. We learn in time that we find our real happiness in the happiness of others, or if we do not learn it, we suffer from finding our personal happiness turning to ashes. There is a joy in service not found in the lust of possession.

We are told that the Roman Emperor Titus discovered at the end of a day that he could not remember a single deed that he had done during the day that was worth while. The thought made him uneasy.

When this great and overwhelming world convulsion is over, and we begin to take account of our little personal stake in humanity, the same uneasiness will come to us, unless we have done what we could to ease the toil of those who have borne the heat and burden of the most terrible day the civilized world has yet seen. Canon Farrar has said:

"If God for our good, sees fit to deny us all else, may He as His best gift of all, grant us this—to be of some real, some deep use, to our fellow men before we go hence and are seen no more."

UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING

It has been demonstrated by nine months actually at war that the United States cannot spring to war overnight, or over several nights, for that matter. We have been springing for three-fourths of a year, and we still have a long way to go before we can be on a par with the preparedness of Belgium or Serbia. Even the childlike confidence of Mr. Bryan that in case of need the springers would be both myriad-numbered and deadly armed, must have been shaken.

In the face of our experience, Secretary of War Baker announces that he does not favor universal military training. He says "civilized men must hope that the future has in store relief from the burden of armament and the destruction of waste of war."

Now the chief virtue of universal military training is that it transforms the able-bodied youth of the nation into potential soldiers ready to spring to arms at a moment's notice, but meanwhile pursuing their ordinary vocations as citizens. After they have had the training, and have acquired the ability to become soldiers, along with the physical blessings of the process, they are absorbed into civil life.

If any one lesson has been borne in upon the American people by its disheartening experiences with unpreparedness, it is that there can be no successful national army which does not rest upon the broad base of universal military training.

Another fact should be equally clear. If we do not want war again—and none of us do—the only way to avert it is to be prepared for it. If we had the ships and equipment for a great navy, if we had back of our little regular army five million young men who had trained for nine months in the use of arms, do you imagine that Germany would have sunk the Lusitania?

If we had had an army and a navy and airplanes and armored cars, do you imagine that we would have been defied by Mexico and that our citizens to the number of more than two hundred would have been murdered in the southern republic?

Even Mexico had a contempt for our war-making power. We would have been an easy prey for Japan on the Pacific and for Germany on the Atlantic. Our unpreparedness and our blatant pacifism invited war.

Some people believe the millennium awaits the world when peace is made. But if the millennium does not in fact await us at

the end of this war, then the American nation will need an army, must have universal military training.

Our military egotism has made us suppose ourselves unconquerable. It kept us marking time from August, 1914, to April, 1917, when we should have been bending every energy in preparation for eventualities.

That egotism should by now be perfectly well cured. We have been fortunate that the awakening has not as yet been attended by disaster.

THEY HAD FORESIGHT

Some of the American gunmakers it appears, had greater foresight and business sagacity than the military bureau chiefs of the war department who were entrusted with the guardianship of America's interests.

These manufacturers, knowing that Germany was bent on forcing us into war and that we were deplorably unprepared in the matter of munitions, and failing to arouse any practical interest in the situation on the part of the bureau chiefs, made costly preparations on their own initiative for the manufacturing of what they foresaw would have to be undertaken.

It was a spectacle of patriotic speculation that suggests how much these roll-top generals could have accomplished, in spite of the inaction of congress, if they had only had vision and will.

It is little less than astounding how little foresight Washington had in those days last winter when the very air was electric with the portends of the coming storm. People in civilian life all over the country knew that war was inevitable, but officialdom had been so long steeped in pacifism that it could be stirred from its drowsiness only by the positive action of congress under the president's spur, and even then it moved with a sluggishness that passes understanding.

News comes now that the ordnance bureau is to be entirely reorganized, and the wonder is why such wise action was so long delayed.

Colonel House comes back from Europe with a comprehensive plan agreed upon at the inter-allied conference for hastening the landing of American troops in France. Dispatches indicate that men cannot be hurried to the front too fast. The Germans, reinforced from the Russian front, are expected to make another mighty drive on the western front as soon as it can be organized properly.

If another Verdun is to be assured, the Americans must be able to do their utmost, for the troops from the Russian front have had little to do for a long time and are said to be in the pink of condition.

We have contributed noble sentiments to the war—and they have performed a noble mission. But words cannot win the war. That takes blows, hard, straight-from-the-shoulder blows. We have been nine months at war, and it has been eleven months since we knew we were going to be at war. We must do something beside talk.

BELTS AND APPENDICITIS

If you would avoid appendicitis wear suspenders and eschew the belt. This advice is not from manufacturers of suspenders, but comes from the government medical boards that have been examining men drafted or enlisted into the army.

The national health betterment movement sends out the following statement from the chief surgeon of one of the examining boards:

"Until we were forced to examine hundreds of thousands of men, I never took the question seriously of whether it was better to wear belt or suspenders. Now I know that this is a very vital question and that the innocent belt is responsible for many of the abdominal troubles so prevalent in this country."

"Start at the beginning. Fifteen years ago you hardly ever heard of appendicitis. Fifteen years ago nearly 90 per cent of American men wore suspenders, thus leaving their abdomens free and uncontracted. Then came the fad of wearing belts and appendicitis operations became more common. Before the advent of the belt you seldom heard of stomach troubles and when they did happen they were usually the result of over-indulgence. Nowadays more men are wearing belts than wear suspenders, and it is almost the exception to find a man who has no trouble with his abdominal regions."

Of course there is one puzzle about all this. The women back in the days of Queen Elizabeth not only wore no suspenders, but they wore corsets so tightly laced that their waists were frequently not more than eighteen inches in circumference, about the size of a rather stout man's collar. Doubtless they had appendicitis and the disease was called inflammation of the bowels.

The women of a generation ago wore much tighter corsets than the women of today wear. We have the athletic woman now, a product of twentieth century education. She wears a very loose belt and her clothing is suspended from her shoulders. Her waist is large and she is proud of the fact that she has a proportionately large foot. She has studied the lines of Greek statuary and has found that the waist and the foot of her mother were far too small for beauty.

But judging from the number of operations, this modern, athletic woman is much more subject to appendicitis than was her mother. Possibly the doctors are mistaken in blaming the belt and praising the suspenders.

SCIENCE AND THE PIE

It is encouraging to know that science comes to our assistance in critical moments. In the olden times such aids were attributed to special providences.

Just at the time when the openface pie was being reluctantly mobilized to defeat the shortage caused by nature in refusing us a billion bushel wheat crop when we needed it, we have it on the highest medical authority that pies, cakes and puddings contrary to general belief, are wholesome, nourishing and harmless foods when properly masticated and eaten in moderation.

It is denied that a well-baked pie eaten late at night is the mother of the nightmare and other wild and whirling dreams. Fruit pies, we are told, are the most nourishing, but the line is drawn at nothing in the pie category, not even at the rich and mysterious mince.

Those who have heretofore partaken of pie with some reservation may now "carry on" in that dietetic direction without fear of the consequences. The American who pastures on the open-faced pie is also helping win the war.

General Crozier was not interested when Colonel Lewis offered his machine gun and two million dollars in royalties to the government. The colonel was entirely too precipitate, not to say fresh.

Many of the German newspapers, commenting on the peace proposals made at Brest-Litovsk, speak of preparation for the next war. They will discover that this war is the next one also.

Judging from the utterances of Jeremiah O'Leary, president of the Truth society, that organization seems to be badly misnamed.

"ME UND GOTT"

The kaiser said to his troops on Christmas day: "The year 1917, with its great battles, has proved that the German people have in the Lord of creation above an unconditional and avowed ally on whom, it can absolutely rely. Without Him all would have been in vain."

If that is so, the kaiser ought to be ashamed of the length of time it is taking him to whip the allies. In the old days, when the Lord took sides in a fight, His side didn't sit down for four years in trenches.

There must have been a falling off in efficiency since the day when: "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were composed about seven days."—Hebrews, 11:30.

Even Samson, when he slew a thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, made a better showing, proportionately, than the Germans have done. You remember, perhaps, how Samson had been bound by his enemies, but "The spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and the cords that were upon his arms became as flax that was burnt with fire, and his bands loosed from off his arms."

"And he found the new jawbone of an ass, and put forth his hand and took it, and slew a thousand men therewith."

It has been the custom from time immemorial among tribes, nations or races engaged upon pillage and rapine to commit their barbarous acts in the name of their deity and thus attempt to justify them but in the end civilization has triumphed.

A God who would countenance the murder of the innocent women and children of the Lusitania, the slaughter of children and outrages on women in France and Belgium, the uncivilized methods of warfare introduced by the Germans to their own sorrow and the treatment of prisoners, must dwell in the depth of hell and is beyond the conception of anyone raised in an American Christian home.

PRISONERS OF AN ILLUSION

In McClure's for January appears the eloquent and sympathetic article with the above title. It should be read in its entirety, for it pictures in vigorous language a condition all Americans should know. Some extracts follow:

The German Americans are the prisoners of an illusion, tied hand and foot by sentimentalities. The majority of them are not really pro-German. Even the greater part of them who growl at America and noisily applaud every misrepresentation of our government and our aims, do not really want Germany to defeat the United States. Possibly they do not know exactly what they do want, unless it be a divine dispensation or a negotiated peace which will presumably wipe out the past three years and let us— with a sigh of relief—start life again where we left off when the unpleasantness began. They want to see America neither beaten nor victorious. They are doomed by their whole bringing-up to an unhappy, grumbling neutrality.

The German Americans are fettered with illusion. "Germany gave us so much," they say, "how can we turn against her?" When they say that, they forget that, once upon a time, they or their fathers somewhere in Germany weighed thoughtfully the benefits of German life and the probable benefits of American life, weighed the pleasantness, charm the consciousness of "being home" among friends, against the greater freedom, the greater opportunity that the distant shore seemed to promise; and chose to leave the old home and seek the distant shore. What America offered seemed then of greater value than what Germany offered. They came to America, and they were evidently not disappointed, for they remained. They and their children recognized that what America gave was to them of greater value than what Germany could give them. "Germany gave us so much, how can we turn against her?" They turned against her years ago for reasons that then seemed just. They wanted the benefits which life in America promised. They secured them and enjoyed them. Now like a child that has paid a nickel for a toy they are crying because the salesman won't let them have the toy and the nickel, also.

Sentimentality has kept the German-American man without-out-a-country that he is. America should have been more observant. She should have seen that the German-Americans needed some friendly attention. America did not see, but Germany did. Germany—far-sighted, keen for openings—played on the German-American sentimentality for all she was worth. She sent silver-tongued orators to thrill him; she sent ponderous professors to give his beer-dreams a pseudo-intellectual basis; she sent secret agents; she sent organizers; she bought newspapers, to encourage this sentimental reaching back, with whispers of anti-German persecutions, Anglo-Saxon presumption and similar "navyist" hobgoblins.

It was a long, skilled cast; the imitation butterfly beautifully concealed the hook, and the German-American bit.

A German-American has a keen sense of duty. It is inbred in him. That sense of duty will make him wish faithfully to obey the laws of the United States of which he is a citizen. But the German-American has likewise an abnormally developed bump of sentimentality. That fatal quality will make him turn again and again wistfully to the dream-Germany which has long perished if it ever existed, and which he himself, or his father, clothed and in his right mind, once weighed and rejected. In the hearts of countless German-Americans there is unquestionably a conflict raging between that sense of duty and that sentimental turning to the past.

PROSPEROUS ERA CONFRONTING APACHE CO.

(From Tuesday's Daily.)

Judge George Crosby of St. Johns, who had been spending several days in Prescott, left yesterday for home. He expects to return to this city within the next few weeks and try a number of cases for Judge Sweeney.

Judge Crosby states that the ranges in Apache county are in good shape notwithstanding the dry spell, and that the cattle are still grazing high on the mountains and have not yet had to come to the lowlands for better feed. The entrance of the new railroad into Apache county is to be a great thing for the development of the immense timber tracts, some of the finest timber in the West being located on the Indian lands and government forest reserves. Now that transportation facilities are at hand, the government is selling some of the larger tracts to the mill men, and while an immense amount

of lumber can be cut in this manner, the forests will hardly be scratched, and it is not the purpose of the forestry supervisors to allow the country to be denuded of the huge pine forests. It is said that the lumber to be obtained from Apache county will be of a better grade than that in Coconino county. The new railroad will be about 70 miles long, and will run from Holbrook to Cluff's Cienega.

HUGE DEAL PENDING

(From Tuesday's Daily.)

R. M. Merrill, of the Midnight Test, returned yesterday from Nevada, where he has valuable nitrate holdings, which are occasioning the government to investigate. Fifteen federal engineers are now on the ground conducting an exhaustive examination. This product is essential in the manufacture of war munitions, hence the attention now being given by the government to ascertain definitely the resources and character of this huge deposit.

SEED AT COST

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 3.—If a normal production of crops is to be had this year, prompt action to protect the seed will be necessary. Secretary Houston warned congress, in asking for an urgent deficiency appropriation for the purchase and sale of seed to farmers at cost.

XMAS PACKAGES WERE WELCOME SAYS ABBOTT

FORMER CITY EDITOR OF JOURNAL-MINER EXPRESSES GRATITUDE TO RED CROSS FOR HOLIDAY REMEMBRANCE.

(From Sunday's Daily)

The Christmas boxes which the Red Cross sent to the Yavapai county boys in the various camps and cantonments, made a decided hit with the boys in khaki according to the letters which continue to pour in upon the officials of the local chapter. The fact that the folks back home hadn't forgotten the boys in the service of Uncle Sam made a big impression on the lads, and the letter of Lieutenant Lyle Abbott, stationed at Camp Travis, Texas, is typical of the hundreds of congratulatory communications which have been received during the past week or so.

In addressing Miss Grace Sparkes of the Chamber of Commerce, Lieut. Abbott says in part:

"..... it is pretty fine to be reminded that in the midst of this populous but lonely camp, I have friends at home."

"I happen to have been thrown among utter strangers. In this camp of some 50,000 human beings, there is not one face I knew before I came here. All these men have their own friends, and you should have seen the truck loads of Christmas mail and parcels we had to handle."

"The way it looks now, I will probably not see Prescott again until I get back from the other side—if I do get back. I regretted having to cut the Mile High City from my itinerary on my recent gallop to Los Angeles and Camp Kearney."

"You may be interested in knowing that among the soldiers of this southern cantonment, the sweaters, socks, mittens and helmets such as are made by the good women for the Red Cross are highly prized. For, in spite of the fact that this is a southern State, it gets cold. The thermometer is now registering 22. The north wind is very keen—in fact I never felt the cold in Prescott as I feel it here. If your organization wants to earn itself a crown of glory, let it continue to help the 'doughboys' fend off the wintry blasts with good woolen things outside and good wholesome sweets within."

"Give my regards to Mr. Anderson and such others of the Chamber of Commerce and Red Cross as I know, and accept a full measure of best wishes for yourself."

"Sincerely yours,
"LYLE ABBOTT."

MERRY MAKERS REVEL IN NOVEL PASTIMES

(From Saturday's Daily.)

Many who attended this week's meeting of the Monday Club speak in terms of pleasure regarding the occasion, which was devoted to a novel feature, known as a "Stunt Party". The holiday season brought about a change of programs, and the festivities proved interesting as well as enjoyable.

The requirements of the main feature were that on her arrival at the clubhouse each guest was pleasantly greeted at the door by the reception committee and informed that in order to enter, she must walk on the string on the floor, gazing at her feet thru a pair of opera glasses, and keeping a balance by holding an open parasol above her head. This proved interesting, especially for the onlookers, who had previously "gone over the top."

Following this novel initiation, the interesting little game called "Hearts" played progressively at tables, was engaged in. Mrs. Buchler proved herself the most skillful in the game, played with sugar dice, and was awarded the prize.

The guests then watched for partners for refreshments, with another stunt quite as novel, called "High Cost of Living," during which everyone was required to write an original linerick, using certain subjects which she and her partner had drawn. The prize in this contest was awarded Mrs. Maurice Tribby, who proved herself quite an original poetess, as also did her partner in the game. After the strenuous doings all refreshed themselves with the dainty little repast served.

About forty members and guests of the club were present, and the party was in charge of the following committee: Mrs. R. T. Belcher, chairman; Mesdames R. E. Chambers, Lester Ruffner, Whetstone, Hoover, Kent and Mrs. Julia Murphy.

ONE STRANGE BED IN OFFICIAL HOME OF GOVERNOR HUNT

(From Thursday's Daily.)

Governor Hunt's roundup of former members of his official family and restoring to each coveted positions, had only one slip, that of R. N. Looney, of Prescott, who again to occupy the portfolio of State Superintendent of Health. The local physician was offered, of course, this plum, but his wide range of professional practice compelled him to decline a political position. This offer came as a Christmas present to Dr. Looney, but was refused.